

# **ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES**

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Rocky Mountain adventures by M. B. Shelton

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**M. B. SHELTON**

**ROCKY MOUNTAIN  
ADVENTURES**



# ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES

BY

M. B. SHELTON



UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA



BOSTON

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On my way to the Rocky Mountains. Stop over at Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis and Kansas City. Fight with the Indians while crossing the "Great American Desert." Reach Denver City in perfect safety.

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## FOREWORD

Only a few words are needed as an introduction to this little volume. It was my good fortune to return home at the close of the Civil War, sound in limb and body, without a scratch or scar; but like others of my age without fame or fortune, even a little bit. I gave up an easy position with a small salary on January first 1867. With a sack full of "wild oats" it was my purpose to go into the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains, discover a big mine, and "get rich quick." To my mind this seemed plausible, and maybe an easy thing to do.

My plans and hopes in this direction were simply visionary dreams which never materialized. A continued series of failures met every effort from beginning to end. At every turn of the wheel the Fates were against me, with nothing left but the memory of past events, which I am now recalling after nearly half a century. As I look back, the past seems to rise before me more like a dream than something real.

The nine years spent in searching for the hidden treasures, with many hardships and adventures, had all the alluring features of a romance, though short of a fortunate hero, always found in fictitious writings. The one enduring thing left, was "a heart for any fate," and ever ready to sing with the poet:

"Thus humbly let me live and die  
Nor long for Midas' golden touch,  
If heaven more generous gifts deny  
I shall not miss them much,  
But grateful for blessings lent  
Of simple taste and mind content."



THE GREAT  
CALIFORNIA

# Rocky Mountain Adventures

## CHAPTER I

ON MY WAY TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. STOP  
OVER AT NASHVILLE, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS  
AND KANSAS CITY. FIGHT WITH THE  
INDIANS WHILE CROSSING "THE GREAT  
AMERICAN DESERT." REACH DEN-  
VER CITY IN PERFECT SAFETY

At the close of the war in 1865 I returned to my native village in Northern Alabama. Like a great many young men of my age, after this great conflict had ended, I was bankrupt in everything of value except hope and a willing hand to do things. Heaps of ashes could be seen in place of happy homes that once existed. The solitary, and now useless, chimney stems were pointing to the blue sky above like silent sentries guarding some desolate coast. We may mention with complacency the ravages of war, but we have no right to complain, for that was part of the programme from the beginning, and nothing more than might be expected, when victory went to the other side.

Only one store building was left which was occupied by a sutler. By permission he was allowed to sell a certain line of goods to the Federal army, a part of which was still encamped around our village. He offered me a position as clerk, which I gladly accepted, on the principle that a drowning man will grab at a straw. All my former aspirations of obtaining a still higher education had been cast aside and lost in the maelstrom of "Secession." But to my mind a clerkship, and by no means a large salary, was a very slow way to retrieve my